

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 6. [NEW SERIES.]

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VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

In the time of Dr. Faustus lived at Bamberg a knight, named Herrman of Runenburg, a handsome young man, whom the fair sex in general viewed with partial eyes, but whose affections yet continued disengaged. Contrary to the custom of youth, his heart was filled with mistrust: he considered all women as deceivers, and knew their scandalous chronicle by heart. He had partly learned the facts from intimate friends and jovial companions, and was partly acquainted with them from his own knowledge. At the age of twenty-five this suspicion of the fair-sex proved a great drawback on his happiness. Whenever the language of his eyes would have betrayed him, his jealous head was sure to check his willing heart, and to impose silence on them. This cost him many a struggle, which usually ended with the exclamation, "How provoking, that no reliance is to be placed on women!" These words had just escaped him, perhaps for the thousandth time, when he was walking on the banks of a river, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands joined behind his back. He all at once espied a ring lying on the sand at his feet. He picked it up. It was of gold, in which was enchased a crimson stone. It did not seem to be of any great value, but was too pretty to be left where it was. Herrman put it on his finger and slowly pursued his walk.

It was not long before he heard some one running after him. He turned, and beheld a man of tall stature, and with a face uncommonly wrinkled, while his eyes glowed like fire beneath his bushy eye-brows. "Stranger," said he, "have you found a ring?" "Yes," replied Herrman, "is it yours?" "It is mine, and most unfortunate shall I be unless I recover it." "There it is!" said Herrman, and would have pulled it from his finger. "Stop!" cried the man, in an authoritative tone; "be not so hasty.

You must restore it to me voluntarily." "Well, there it is, voluntarily." "I cannot take it till you know who I am, and what virtue resides in this ring. Fate compels me to reveal both, or to renounce the ring for ever, as a punishment for my carelessness." "Speak then!" "I am Dr. Faustus." Herrman started. "I have heard a great deal about you," said he. "In this crimson stone," continued the other, "is enclosed a powerful spirit. It is obedient to the possessor of the ring. Now you know all. Be generous."

Herrman was a good Christian, who wanted to have nothing to do with suspicious spirits. He therefore returned the ring, without ceremony, to the great joy of the sorcerer. "You have acquired a claim to my gratitude," said Dr. Faustus; "tell me how I can serve you?" "I have no occasion for your services," rejoined Herrman. "Who knows," replied the other, "but what you may at some future time, if you have not at present; you shall always find me at your service." With these words he departed. "Ho! Doctor!" cried Herrman, as soon as he was gone; "I have just thought that you may, perhaps, have it in your power to render me an important service just now." "What is it?" "I would fain find a female on whom to fix my affections." "That is a business for which you don't want my assistance. Beauty is the charm that must operate there." "But I should like to know whether she to whom I would give my heart, is worthy of possessing it. Can you teach me the art of reading what passes in the female bosom?" Dr. Faustus smiled; "Indeed I cannot," said he, "neither can any of my spirits." "Then, farewell, I have nothing farther to ask."

"Hem," muttered the magician, "I should be sorry to let your kindness go unrequited. Let us see what we can do. To comply with your wish in its full extent is absolutely impossible, even if I were to raise up Satan himself from the infernal regions; but I can furnish you with the means of accomplishing your object in the majority of cases. Among my spirits I have a little artful demon, whom I commonly use as a spy. I had lent him to a papal nuncio at the im-

perial court, who is lately dead. A jealous wife has, to be sure, just applied to me for the loan of my Puttli, but you shall have the preference. He shall accompany you wherever you go; he shall slip into the pockets of all the persons with whom you may happen to be in company, and inform you of their contents." "And of what benefit will that be to me?" "Of the very greatest, my dear friend. If you did but know what people had in their pockets, you would seldom be mistaken in your opinion concerning them." "And if I should be at a loss what inference to draw from the contents of a pocket, can Puttli help me out?" "No: he can only give you a faithful account of what he has found. It will be your business to draw conclusions." "Well, I'll try at least."

Dr. Faustus now began to make preparations to summon little Puttli; but Herrman begged to dispense with his personal attendance, alleging that it was quite sufficient if he did but hear him. "You shall hear me at the right time," suddenly cried a delicate voice, which, in spite of its subtlety, caused the knight to shudder. He soon became familiarized, however, with his invisible attendant. It was not long ere he beheld Amalberga, a beautiful female of eighteen, but whose heavenly features were usually overcast with a cloud of dejection. She was an orphan, and had been left unprovided for by her father, a celebrated knight, who, on his death-bed, purchased with his possessions an exemption from purgatory, bequeathing to his child nothing but a spinning-wheel and a loom, and the pious counsel to take the veil. Amalberga, endowed with a warm and tender heart, felt no predilection for a monastic life. She determined to try whether she could not, by industry, earn sufficient to support herself in the world in a manner becoming her birth. With rigid economy, and by occasionally even abridging the intervals of repose, she succeeded in the attempt.

Amalberga's beauty fixed Herrman's eyes, which faithfully transmitted the impression to his heart, but he trembled at the idea of finding her pockets in contradiction to the modesty of her demeanour; and it was long before he would suffer the sanctuary of innocence to be profaned by his roguery. At length he determined to venture. The first experiments proved satisfactory. There was nothing in the pocket but a handkerchief and a prayer-book. "Amalberga shall be mine!" triumphantly exclaimed the knight. "Exult not prematurely," cried the malicious demon, "the best women in the world are fickle, one day they stand with one foot in heaven, the next we can scarcely endure them in hell. Try the girl a short time before you suffer

her to draw the net tight over your head." Herrman began to think that the devil sometimes talks very sensibly, and adopted his advice. For several successive weeks Puttli went daily to examine Amalberga's pocket, but daily had to repeat his first report, and the knight heartily enjoyed his triumph. One day, however, a day on which an irresistible gloom again beclouded the virgin's brow—Herrman was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, when the pocket suddenly whispered—"I contain a forged bill." "Thou liest!" retorted the youth, inflamed with indignation. "Nothing can be more true than that the bill is forged." "Then speak!—how is it to be accounted for?" "I cannot tell." "How came it in her pocket?" "I do not know." "She may be perfectly innocent." "Perhaps so; but the bill is forged." This discovery vexed the knight, and confident as he was of her virtue, he nevertheless thought fit to defer the declaration of his passion. How was he to clear up this suspicious circumstance? In vain did he rack his brains how this was to be accomplished. The following day the bill had disappeared, and the prayer-book occupied its usual place.

Herrman soon forgot the forged bill; but whenever memory happened to dwell on it, he consoled himself with his *who knows?* and at length, when Amalberga was missing for two whole weeks (nobody could tell whither she was gone,) this privation of the sight of her only served to inflame his passion. At length she appeared again, pale, drooping, and more dejected, but likewise more charming than ever. Herrman's lips opened a second time for the purpose of pronouncing the sweet confession, when Puttli whispered from her pocket—"Here is poison." "Poison?" "A dose that would send a troublesome husband to the infernal regions in a trice." The knight was thunderstruck. Poison in the pocket of a beautiful young female! this was indeed too unaccountable, and love reluctantly yielded its place to suspicion. Yet ever and anon would the former suggest from its corner, "It is perhaps only a cosmetic; a little vanity is pardonable." "No; it is poison, I tell you;" and in this declaration the merciless Puttli persisted. "Well, but may she not have procured it merely to destroy the rats?" "Hardly! what should it then be doing in her pocket?" "Perhaps she has received it to-day from some friend, and intends to-night to make use of it."

Puttli was silent; but the next and many successive days, he reported, with a sarcastic grin, that the poison was still there. Herrman now sought the company of Amalberga's uncle, in hopes that by his means he might be enabled to unravel the mystery. He had hitherto been rather shy of his ac-

quaintance, for the old knight was known to the whole court to possess a turn for satire, and in his youth had brought himself into many a scrape by his epigrams. "But let us hear what testimony his pocket will bear him," said Herrman to the officious Puttli; and before the words had passed his lips, the spirit complied with his wish. "Here is a little box with splinters of bones, evidences of the wounds received by the knight in many a conflict for the bishop. Here is a hard crust of bread, probably the reward bestowed by the prelate for his heroic exploits. Here is also a billet from an old chamberlain." "Read it." "Beware, sir knight, of the anger of the bishop. Your virtuous refusal has inflamed him to fury. He swears to be revenged, and, in spite of you to accomplish his wicked purpose." "Is that all?" "It is." "What has the knight refused to the bishop?" "I do not know." "What wicked purpose has the bishop in contemplation?" "I cannot tell." "Be it what it will, I know enough to be convinced that the old knight is an honest man."

Herrman now neglected no opportunity of sounding him respecting his niece, and even intimated his intentions of proposing an honourable alliance, if only certain mysterious circumstances could be cleared up by the uncle's assistance: but he could get nothing more from him than the assurance, on the word and honour of a knight, that his niece was an excellent girl, and that he wished her brother had but a single drop of her blood in his veins. This testimony was certainly encouraging—but the forged bill!—the poison! "Pshaw!" cried Herrman, with impatience, "she may clear up these matters when we are married. At any rate, I will acquaint her with my sentiments." Away he went the third time, firmly resolved to declare to the fair Amalberga what she had long since divined.

Once more Puttli abruptly cried, "Stop!" "What is the matter now, thou unmerciful demon?" "Here is a note by the side of the poison." "From whom?" "There is no signature." "Read it." Puttli read as follows:—"It gave me pain, dear Amalberga, that you should have murdered my child without the least pity. But a little reflection convinces me, that I ought to commend your foresight. To have been known as the father, might have been dangerous for me and injurious to your reputation. What had better remain a secret, would then have been the talk of the town. By thy prudence thou hast put the man to shame. Accept my thanks, thou dear and trustworthy girl." "Confusion," exclaimed Herrman, "what is this?" "Did you not hear?" rejoined Puttli, drily—"she has murdered a child. Now it is evident for what purpose she wanted the poison."

Herrman shuddered. He resolved to banish the image of hypocrisy from his heart for ever. But how was he to accomplish this, if he continued to see her every day? He determined to join the crusade against the pagan Lithuanians, and to seek in military enterprises either tranquillity or death. "Saddle my horse," cried he, late the same night to his squire. "The morning sun shall see me far from Bamberg." The steed was saddled, and he sprung on his back. "Shall I attend you?" asked Puttli. "Go to the devil!" replied Herrman, and in an instant the little demon vanished with a loud laugh of malicious joy.

Slowly, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, the youth passed the gate, followed by his trusty squire. The moon threw a feeble light on his road. The night was cool and rainy; but the chill gloom of nature was not equal to that which pervaded his heart. He had just passed the place of execution, when he heard behind him footsteps of a horse advancing at full speed, and the loud shrieks of a female apparently in great distress. Herrman immediately concluded, that the sounds which assailed his ears originated in some violent attempt.—Mindful of the duties of chivalry, he turned his horse about, fixed himself firmly in the stirrups, and loudly called out to the person advancing to stop. At the same time his sword glistened in the moonlight, and the trusty squire who carried his lance, brandished it over his head till it whizzed again in the air. The stranger's horse, on suddenly finding an obstruction in his road, started back and snorted. The black rider uttered dreadful imprecations, and the white figure behind him piteously implored assistance. "Make way," cried the former, "whoever ye be, and let me pass. The girl is my sister; I am carrying her to a convent." "'Tis false!" exclaimed the female. "For heaven's sake have compassion on an orphan!" Herrman recognised with horror the voice of Amalberga. Without farther consideration he fell on the ravisher, who also knew how to handle his sword, and was not backward at returning the blows. Who can tell how this conflict in the dark might have terminated, had not Herrman's squire with his lance unhorsed their opponent, and extended him senseless on the earth. "You are saved, fair Amalberga," said Herrman, with a faltering voice; "command whither I shall conduct you." "Gracious God!" exclaimed the trembling maiden, "you are the knight of Runenburg." "I am." "Then to you I owe the preservation of my honour and of my life!" At the word *honour* Herrman shrunk back, but forebore to reply. After a short pause, he coldly asked, "Will you return to Bamberg?" She answered in the

affirmative. He ordered his squire to lead her horse by the bridle, and himself rode slowly and silently before to her habitation. Here he drily bade her farewell, and turned his horse without making any inquiry respecting her adventure. But Amalberga embraced his knee with virgin modesty. "No, sir knight," said she, "you shall not depart thus. Come into my house, that I may refresh you with a bowl of generous wine, and that by the taper's light you may witness my grateful tears."—Away! he gone! cried Herrman's head: stay, whispered his heart, and he did stay. A delightful sensation thrilled his whole frame when he entered Amalberga's neat apartment.—Here stood the spinning-wheel, there the loom; and on the wall hung a picture of St. Theresa.

The lady, agreeably to the ancient custom, loosed the helmet of the knight with her own delicate fingers, and took it from his head; and when he had thrown his iron gauntlets on the table, she kissed his hand. She then fetched a flagon of wine from a closet, pledged him the bowl, and a tear dropped into it. Herrman quaffed the generous beverage, as indeed he would have done, had he been certain that the poisonous drug lay at the bottom of the bowl. He soon began to imagine that this wine was really an enchanted potion, for liquid fire seemed to run through all his veins: but it was love, whose flames were again bursting from the ashes. "O why is not Puttli here," thought he: "how should I rejoice to find her innocent!" She looked at him so kindly, so tenderly—no, it was absolutely impossible she could be criminal. He then inquired the name of the person from whom he had rescued her. "Did he not tell you himself?" replied Amalberga. "Alas! he is my brother!" "Your brother!—how?—why?" "Pardon me, sir knight, if I beg to be allowed to draw a veil over this horrid secret." "Lady!" cried Herrman, with a voice that betrayed his profound emotion, "the moment is arrived in which I must be made acquainted with every thing, and sink confounded at your feet, or hurry away with a heart rent by despair, to rush on the sabres of the infidels."

Amalberga started, and looked timidly at him. "Lady," continued he, "you must long since have perceived that I love you." At these words the blood suddenly mounted into her pale cheeks. "Long since (he continued) should I have solicited your hand like an honourable man, but for certain extraordinary circumstances, for which I was unable to account. If you think it worth your while to clear up my doubts, answer my inquiries; and if you despise not this hand, conceal nothing from me." Amalberga raised her eyes and replied, "I will

conceal nothing from you." "But ask no questions on the subject, whatever may be your astonishment, that I should be acquainted with things which you thought hidden from all the world." "I will ask no questions," said Amalberga. "Well, then—some time ago you had a forged bill in your pocket—" Amalberga was thunderstruck. "But why so confused?" added Herrman. "How can I help being so? How should you know it?" "You promised to ask no questions. What was the meaning of this bill?"

"I have vowed to St. Theresa that the secret should never escape my lips; but she is a witness to our conversation, and, for the sake of my suspected innocence, she will release me from my vow. There was an opulent merchant at Nurnberg, in whose name this bill was forged, and who was fortunately an old friend of my father's. He soon discovered the culprit, my unfortunate brother, who, caught in the toils of a selfish woman, had no other means of supporting her extravagance. Out of respect for my father's memory, the merchant forbore to make the transaction public, and merely required compensation to be made in private; but his indulgence was repaid with abuse and scorn. On this he came to me, and complained that he should be necessitated to stigmatise the name of his deceased friend, and at the same time to wound my feelings. I was exceedingly alarmed. I had just then embroidered a costly robe, which it took me two years to finish, in those leisure hours which I could spare from the wheel and the loom. I intended to show off in it at the next tournament. But I hesitated not a moment to save the honour of my misguided brother, and to preserve my ancient family from disgrace. I showed my work to the Nurnberger, who was well pleased with it that to compromise the matter, he gave up the bill, and took the robe. I put the bill in my pocket, to deliver it to my uncle as soon as I should see him. This happened the next day. I never said a word about it to my brother, in order to spare his feelings."

"What!" exclaimed Herrman, "and this brother, whose reputation you magnanimously preserved, would have carried you off to-day by force?" "The same." "I implore you, fair lady, to explain this riddle also." "Give me your word, that you will not betray my secret." "My word and my honour." "Well, then, you must know, that the hypocritical bishop has long been striving to ensnare my virtue." "The bishop?" "He might probably imagine, that my poverty favoured his base designs. He persecuted me with proposals, which were rejected with deserved abhorrence.—He sought to gain my uncle by splendid

promises, but that excellent old man, though poor as myself, despised the powerful bishop. He then concealed his mortification, praised my virtue, and called me his daughter.—Fool that I was, he completely deceived me. Some months since—perhaps you still remember the time when I was away for two whole weeks.” “Well do I remember it,” replied Herrman, with a sigh. “The abbess of Frauenthal had enticed me into her convent. I considered her as a woman of integrity, and had no conception that her sacred habit could cover such villany. Too soon I found that she was but the bishop’s agent, and that, in the asylum of virtue, I was to be delivered up to him either by fraud or force. I was a prisoner. It was not long before he made his appearance, and had recourse to entreaties and threats. I gave myself up for lost, but my patron saint did not forsake me; I prayed to her most fervently, and she touched the heart of the portress, who opened the gate of the convent for me one very dark night. I fled to my uncle; and as he has confidants at court, I was soon apprised, through him, how the bishop had raved when he heard of my escape, and sworn he would, nevertheless, sooner or later, accomplish his design. My uncle warned me to be on my guard, and even advised me to remove out of the bishop’s dominions.”

“And why did you not follow his advice?” asked Herrman. “I intended,” rejoined Amalberga, and a deeper glow crimsoned her cheeks—“I intended, but put it off from day to day. Must I tell you why?” At these words she raised her downcast eyes, which made a modest confession, and then again became fixed on the ground. “To what risks have you exposed yourself!” said Herrman, in great agitation. “I thought,” continued Amalberga, “that the bishop would never set decency so far at defiance as to carry me by force from my own house in the midst of the town. Then again I took every possible precaution to frustrate his artifices. Against one person only I was not on my guard, and that was my own brother. My heart rejected, with horror, the idea that he was capable of assisting in the execution of the atrocious project of his sister’s dishonour. How grievously was I mistaken! Him who was always needy, the bishop has but too easily gained over, and promised him one of his nieces in marriage. Yesterday he persuaded me to pay a visit to an aged blind aunt, who lives retired not far from Bamberg. Without the least suspicion, I mounted behind him. The old lady received us most kindly, and entertained us in the best manner she could. When it began to be dusk, I reminded my brother, that it was time to return home. He made various excuses for delaying our

departure, so that it was not till near midnight that we at length set out; but instead of taking the road to Bamberg, he galloped away, and threatened to murder me if I obstinately persisted in spurning my good fortune, as he termed it. The rest is known to you. Death would soon have been my portion, had not the hand of Providence conducted to me a generous protector.”

“Worse than death!” muttered Herrman. “O no!” rejoined Amalberga; “for I had long provided for the worst. Since the affair in the convent, I always carried poison about me. Had every other hope failed, that should have saved me.” “For that purpose, was it?” cried Herrman, with transport, and would have thrown himself at her feet, when he suddenly imagined that he again heard Puttli’s voice, as he read the letter, the horrid contents of which drove him from Bamberg. “Lady,” stammered he, “there is but one more weight that presses on my heart. Your frankness gives me courage. The most atrocious circumstance of all yet remains to be explained.” “The most atrocious?” repeated Amalberga with astonishment. “I have nothing more to explain.” “Have you not murdered a child?” She shuddered. “Surely you cannot be serious?” “Can you deny, that a few days since there was in your pocket a note without signature, doubtless from some favoured lover, who thanked you for having murdered his child, and thereby saved your reputation?”

Herrman was not a little confounded when Amalberga suddenly burst into a loud laugh. She opened a drawer and took out a paper, which she handed to him. “Do you mean this?” said she. “The same.” “It is from my old uncle. You are acquainted with his satirical turn. When I related to him my adventure in the convent, he was at first highly exasperated, and vowed that he would run the bishop through the body. I reminded him of our poverty and weakness, and that it would be better to say nothing about the matter, than to give scope to malicious tongues, and to draw down on us the vengeance of a powerful enemy. I succeeded in pacifying him; but a few days afterwards he could not withstand the impulse to write a long and cutting satire on the bishop, with the intention of distributing it at court. I trembled for the consequences, and begged him to lend me the piece, as though I wanted to read or copy it, and threw it into the fire. This is what he in this note jocosely calls, murdering his child.”

It is impossible for language to describe the feelings of the knight when he beheld the object of his affections standing before him pure and unimpeachable. Love and shame bent his knees, and the vehemence

of his passion pleaded in excuse of the odious suspicion. The following day he presented Amalberga as his wife to the bishop, who "grinned horribly a ghastly smile."—The old knight celebrated the union of his niece in a spirited epithalamium, and never did a happier pair ascend the bridal bed.—Herrman daily discovered new attractions in his wife. She had but one fault, in common with all her sex—curiosity. She did not rest, till in a happy moment she drew from her husband in what manner he had become so intimately acquainted with the contents of her pocket. He obliged her indeed to promise with an oath, not to reveal the secret; and she faithfully kept her vow for many years. But when her beautiful daughters grew up, Amalberga could not withstand the impulse which she felt to communicate it to them. Thus it circulated privately from one to another, till at length it was transmitted to the present age, in which the ladies may perhaps have still stronger reasons than even those of former times, for not turning their pockets inside out. But, behold! in order to prevent the danger of being betrayed by some malicious Puttli, they suddenly and unanimously came to the resolution—*of wearing in future no pockets at all.*

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

LORD BYRON AND THE ACTOR.—A certain performer of Drury-Lane theatre, remarkable only for stentorian lungs, had succeeded one evening in bellowing down a more than usual degree of applause from the gods—after many persevering efforts, he had, we may say, taken Olympus by storm. This, however, was not the light in which he saw the affair. As he left the stage, he was accosted by Lord Byron, who was at that time one of the committee of management. 'So, Sir,' said his lordship, 'you're doing wonders to-night.' 'Yes, my lord,' replied the enraptured performer (in his loudest tone, but with an air of dignified indifference,) 'Yes, my lord; a silent touch of nature—there's nothing like it.'

COURTSHIP FROM THE PSALMS.—A young lady in the west of England, named Grace Lord, by her uncommon accomplishments, had become the object of attention to numerous suitors. The young lady constantly referred them to her father, who being of a whimsical temper, as well as being much attached to the society of his daughter, for a long time gave no one a favourable recep-

tion. At length a young man, who had remarked that the father was a great humorist, after experiencing a refusal, addressed him in writing in the following words, from the version of the 67th Psalm:—

'Have mercy on me *Lord*,
And grant to me thy *Grace*.'

The expedient succeeded, and he obtained the young lady with the paternal consent.

CURIOUS SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.—Among the subjects for the disquisitions of the learned, in the eleventh century, were the following ones; of the Substantial form of Sounds—of the Essence of Universals. The following question was a favourite topic; and, after having been discussed by thousands of the acutest logicians, through the course of a whole century,

'With all the rash dexterity of wit,' remained unresolved—"When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the *rope*, or by the *man*?"

VOLTAIRE, THE INVENTOR OF PRINTING.—Mouctar Pacha, son of that Ali Pacha who, after putting to death so many human beings, was himself doomed to meet a violent end, looked upon Voltaire as the author of this pernicious discovery. "If he ever falls into my hands," says Mouctar, "he shall swing for it without mercy. I will not suffer in my dominions (added his Excellency) a man more learned than myself." His Excellency could not read.

CLERICAL SARCASM.—In some parish churches it was the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a young woman, eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said—"Your Reverence, it is not among us." "So much the better," answered the Clergyman; "it will be over the sooner."

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.—A notion is prevalent among the vulgar in some countries of Europe, that the wish of a person will be accomplished, if he can contrive to express it distinctly in words, during the interval between his first seeing a meteor shooting along the sky (or a falling star, as generally miscalled) and its final disappearance. The same notion is popular in India; and serves, as a learned man of that country explained it, to inculcate a lesson of constant perseverance in endeavours to accomplish any favourite object, which ought to be on all occasions uppermost in the mind.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

No. II.

MARRIAGES, funerals, and other domestic occurrences, give rise to private feasts; the wedded pair see each other for the first time, when the bride is carried to her husband's house; from the moment she enters it, she is not permitted to see any other man except her father, and sometimes her brothers; the men regale themselves with the bridegroom, and the women by themselves; if we judge by the presents which are much more valuable on the part of the husband, the man purchases the woman. They are allowed to keep several concubines: but these are entirely dependent on the legitimate wife; among persons of distinction, a second marriage is not considered honourable for a woman even though she should only have been married an hour. The Chinese women are well made; their life is very melancholy, as they are constantly confined, without any other company than that of their children, and a husband who keeps them under lock and key; they are very skilful with their needle and pencil; the only prospect of the concubines is being sold on their master's death.

The mourning for a father is rigid: it continues three years; the son not even in the most pressing case of necessity, would consent to sleep on a bed during the space of an hundred days; he lies on the ground; during the first year he has no commerce with any one, not even with his wives. A wife's mourning for her husband is also three years. A husband for his wife one year, and so on in proportion for all the other relations. A handsome Chinese, whose exterior may promote him to the rank of Mandarin, is rather above the middle stature; has a large forehead, small eyes, a middling mouth, a short nose, long ears, a light beard, stout arms and legs, a strong voice, a prominent stomach; they admire corpulency, it is, say they, a sign of a good conscience, which does credit to its aliments. A handsome Chinese woman is not tall but very upright; by no means anxious for a fine shape, she seeks rather to be all of a size from head to toe. Her face is not without its charms; she has a short nose, small and well shaped, and black eyes. In vain has nature given her a vivid complexion and fine colour; custom commands her to efface the healthful bloom as a mark of immodesty, and rub herself with a whitish powder, which renders her pale, and com-

municates an air of languor, which is regarded as a sign of chastity. She suffers not her feet to acquire their just proportion: they are compressed from their earliest infancy with bandages, which prevent their growth; the smaller they are the more she will be esteemed and honoured; but though confined to her house by her inability of walking, a Chinese woman does not on any account dress with less taste and elegance, though at all times with the greatest modesty; she would suffer her face to be seen rather than her hands, which are covered by long wide sleeves. Gold, silver, and jewels sparkle in her hair; bodkins, ornamented with diamonds, gracefully confine her tresses, surmounted with a species of coronet of plumes and flowers.

The great wall which was built above two thousand years since, to secure them from the Tartars, is five hundred feet in length, it is in no part less than twenty feet in height nor more than thirty, and fifteen in breadth; its towers, its gates, its bridges, are almost every where gigantic labours; it has always been guarded, and is still, by a whole army; but all these precautions have not prevented invasions.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

PARIS THEATRES.

EUDORE and Cymodocée, a tragedy, the subject of which is taken from the Martyrs of M. de Chateaubriand, has been performed with entire success at the Theatre Francais. The subject is briefly as follows: The emperor Diocletian has given to Eudore, a Greek warrior and a hostage of the Romans, the command of the legions ordered to repel the Gauls. He returns to Rome victorious, to enjoy the honours of a triumph. Hierocles, the emperor's favourite, who governs during his absence, is the secret enemy and rival of Eudore, and has caused his mistress Cymodocée, a virgin devoted to the worship of Homer, to be secretly carried off from the isle of Samos. Eudore being informed by Cymodocée herself of this act of perfidy, takes her under his own protection, and Diocletian arriving, declares that she shall remain under his care. The young virgin sighs for the moment when she shall be united to her lover at the altars of her gods, when Eudore confesses to her that he has abandoned the false worship and embraced the Christian religion. Using with his mistress the powers of reason and affection, he persuades her also to renounce her false divinities, to re-

ceive the nuptial benediction at the altars of the Christians, who had hitherto been tolerated at Rome. Meantime Hierocles is the most inveterate enemy of the Christians, and so far succeeds in prejudicing the emperor against them, that he is ready to order their destruction: he deliberates, however, and permits Eudore to defend them. Without owning that he is one of their brethren, he pleads their cause with ardour and success, and Diocletian commands that the oracle shall be consulted; but the oracle pronounces against them, and the Christians are condemned. Eudore then declares himself a Christian; his soldiers desire to save him, and even offer to place him on the throne. He rejects their offers, persuades them to return to their duty, and prepares to die with his brethren. Yet the emperor is still inclined to shew mercy, and to revoke the barbarous order, when he is informed that the temple of Vesta is burnt. Hierocles has set it on fire, but the christians are accused of the crime, and their fate is irrevocably sealed. Cymodocée comes to die with them; every effort to dissuade her is in vain; she receives the nuptial benediction, and, with her husband and her new brethren, hastens to gather the palm of martyrdom.

It is not a little singular that this tragedy should be the production of a man hitherto unknown in the literary world, and considerably past the meridian of life. His name is Garry, lately at the head of the college of Carassone, of which office he has been deprived after having filled it with honour for thirty years.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CIBBER.

EVERY age has its celebrated actor, or actress. Mrs. Cibber very justly enjoyed that happiness for more than twenty years. The first part in which this distinguished actress appeared was *Zara*, then translated from Voltaire, by Aaron Hill, Esq., in the year 1734, and at her first appearance she became a favourite with the public.

Mrs. Cibber was sister to the celebrated Doctor Arne; her marriage with Mr. Theophilus Cibber was very much against her inclination; and the misfortunes that attended it (of which the public at that time were fully informed,) interrupted her progress in the business of the stage for several years; but for the last twenty she remained in the quiet possession of all the capital characters, and of the hearts of the enamoured public: her voice was musically plaintive. In all characters of tenderness and pathos,

in which the workings of the feeling mind call for the force of excessive sensibility, she, like Garrick, was the character she represented. Love, rage, resentment, pity, disdain, and all those gradations of the various passions she greatly felt, and vigorously expressed. Her face, her figure, and her manner were irresistibly impressive, and her voice was penetrating to admiration. Actresses may have had more majesty, more fire, but all the tragic characters truly feminine, greatly conceived, and highly written, had a superior representative in Mrs. Cibber, more than in any other actress. She certainly was not so happy in comedy, but it would be no bad compliment to tell any actress of the present day she was her equal. In the *School for Lovers*, she performed the part of *Celia*, whose age is mentioned in the play to be sixteen, and Mrs. Cibber was admitted to become the character by the nicest observers, though she was at that time approaching to fifty. This curious circumstance was owing entirely to that uncommon symmetry and exact proportion in her form, that happily remained with her to her death.

Of all the variety and extent of the tragic passions, none are equal to that of *Constance* in *King John*. Mrs. Cibber surpassed all that have followed her in that character. When she entered with her hair dishevelled, and with wildness in her eyes, having lost her son—"her pretty Arthur!" the Cardinal and others attempting to comfort her, she sunk on the ground—and looking round with a dignified wildness and horror, said—

"Here *I*, and *Sorrow* sit! this is my throne!
Let kings come and bow to it!"

Nothing that ever was exhibited could exceed this picture of distress. And nothing that ever came from the mouth of mortal was ever spoken with more dignified propriety. It is impossible to convey to those who have not had the satisfaction of seeing certain actors and actresses, their peculiar excellencies. The painter's art lives on the canvas, but the actor's must die with him. This truth is feelingly expressed in the following lines, which are introduced in the prologue written by Mr. Garrick to the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, which at the same time bears testimony to his high sense of the merits of his celebrated contemporaries, Mrs. Cibber and Mr. Quin.*

The Painter† dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he, who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame to half an age;
Nor pen, nor pencil can an actor save.
The art and artist share one common grave.

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber died in the same year, within a few weeks of each other.

† Hogarth, whose celebrated paintings of the *Marriage à-la-mode*, it is said, gave the hint to the authors of the *Clandestine Marriage*.

O let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier!
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay:
Your children, cannot feel what you have known:
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approved by you.

Mrs. Cibber died in January, 1766. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, and her pall was supported by persons of distinction.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S

Sketches of the Geology and Mineralogy of Lockport.

THE entertainer stated to the company that he had a few days before, finished a tour of observation, that for entertainment, satisfactoriness, and intelligence, had never been surpassed by any of his excursions, even in Europe. In his *Observations upon the Geology of North America*, (N. Y. 1818, p. 351 et seq.) the strata of earthy materials at the cataract of Niagara, are stated to be composed of red sandstone beneath, with an incumbent mass of shistic rock, bearing a super-incumbent body of limestone, and a larger of arable soil. The like formation obtains at Lockport, where there is a continuation of the same ridge. For on penetrating the ground, there occurs first a stratum of loose earth: secondly, a formation of *lapis suillus* or swine-stone; thirdly, a substratum of fragile shist; and lastly, an underlay, or body of sand rock, reddened by oxide of iron. In the language of the able geological and agricultural survey of the district adjoining the Erie Canal, made under the patronage of Stephen Van Rensselaer, Esq. the first of these rocky formations is the *geodiferous* or *swine-stone lime-rock* therein mentioned (p. 37 and p. 132), the second, *calciferous slate*, or *second graywacke with shell-lime-rock*, (p. 24 and p. 129;) and the third *ferriferous sand-rock* (p. 24 and p. 123).

Among the minerals and fossils of the Lockport formation, the following were produced: 1. Hyaline calcarious carbonate, or dog's-tooth spar, elegantly crystallized in

clusters. 2. Milk-white calcarious carbonate, or rhombic spar, overspreading its base most beautifully. 3. Derbyshire spar, or fluete of lime in regular cubes, transparent as mountain crystal, the sides of some of the cubes equal to half an inch. 4. Sulphate of strontian, in fine parallel crystallizations; very much resembling the specimens of transcendent quality brought by Major Delafield, from Put-in-bay, (Lake Erie,) and other localities in the North-west. 5. Sulphate of lime, in some of the most exquisite forms of gypsum that the workings of the strata have afforded in any place whatsoever; some of the specimens transparent as glass, alternate impressively with the carbonates just mentioned. 6. Encrinures in a high state of preservation; at least the pieces or fragments ascribed to this zoophytical production. They are disposed in all directions through the rock; and are about the size of a pipe-stem. Some of them are in the form of *entrochites*. 7. The very singular substances, called by the people petrified black-walnuts. They appear to belong to the family of Echinus, or Sea-hedgehog, but of a very peculiar organization.

One of these walnuts is about the size of a large kisketoma-nut; though more spherical, and not so much flattened at the sides. The colour dark brown, approaching to black. At one end there is a sort of foot-stalk transversely broken; at the other, six protuberances, some of them more entire, which look as if they might have been mouths or orifices for eating, inasmuch as they are furnished with parts that resemble the stipulæ or leaflets of buds, and may be compared to organs of feeding about the mouths of crabs. The space between the two ends is beautifully parcelled out as nearly as can be, into six-sided pannels; from the center of which proceed six radial lines, dividing the space into triangles. Where the hexagonal form does not obtain, there are pannels of four sides approaching the rhombic or rhomboidal figure. Even pentagons may be found here and there. The whole surface is roughened by lines and dots, as if spines or feet had formerly been attached to them. And, now in the fossil and petrified state, some of their surfaces reflect light, as if they had crystalline forms. They may be ranked among the most neat and symmetrical specimens of organic re-

mains; and probably belong to some extinct race of zoophytes.

Their appearance is, notwithstanding the resemblance, still so different from the Echinus, as to entitle them to a separate name and place in the geological system.

He made the most respectful mention of Drs. Johnson and Palmer, for their liberal communications.

Vocabulary and Grammar of the Inca language.

The thick and ponderous octavo book, brought from Callao by Richard Stevens, Esq. surgeon in the navy of the U. S., was found to be the vocabulary and grammar of the *Quichua* tongue, or the *Inca* tongue, spoken generally through Peru. This laborious work was printed at Lima, in 1607—8. The author was Father Diego Gonzalez, of the company of the Jesuits. The vocabulary, which is in the alphabetical form of a dictionary, is composed of two parts; the first of which is *Quichua* and Spanish, and the second Spanish and *Quichua*. The grammar is divided into four parts: the first treats of the noun, declension, and the more declinable parts; the second considers the conjugation of verbs, syntax, and construction; the third exhibits the copiousness, extent, and even the elegance and perfection of this language; and the fourth discusses the fitness and application of the *Quichua* tongue for compositions; with critical remarks on the use of adverbs and prepositions.

CHEMICAL SCIENCE.

No. VI.

Atmospherical or Common Air.

THE immense mass of permanently elastic fluid which surrounds the globe we inhabit, must consist of a general assemblage of every kind of air which can be formed by the various bodies that compose its surface. Most of these, however, are absorbed by water: a number of them are decomposed by combination with each other; and some of them are seldom disengaged in considerable quantities by the processes of nature. Hence it is, that the lower atmosphere consists chiefly of oxygen and nitrogen, together with moisture and the occasional vapours or exhalations of bodies. The upper atmosphere seems to be composed of a large proportion of hydrogen, a fluid of so

much less specific gravity than any other, that it must gradually ascend to the highest place, where, being occasionally set on fire by electricity, it appears to be the cause of the aurora borealis and fire-balls. It may easily be understood, that this will only happen on the confines of the respective masses of common atmospherical air, and of the inflammable air; that the combustion will extend progressively, though rapidly, in flashings from the place where it commences; and that when, by any means, a steam of inflammable air, in its progress toward the upper atmosphere, is set on fire at one end, its ignition may be much more rapid than what happens higher up, where oxygen is wanting, and at the same time more definite in its figure and progression, so as to form the appearance of a fire-ball.

That the air of the atmosphere is so transparent as to be invisible, except by the blue colour it reflects when in very large masses, as is seen in the sky or region above us, or in viewing extensive landscapes; that it is without smell, except that of electricity, which it sometimes very manifestly exhibits; altogether without taste, and impalpable; not condensable by any degree of cold into the dense fluid state, though easily changing its dimensions with its temperature; that it gravitates and is highly elastic, are among the numerous observations and discoveries which do honour to the sagacity of the philosophers of the seventeenth century. They likewise knew that this fluid is indispensably necessary to combustion; but no one, except the great, though neglected, John Mayow, appears to have formed any proper notion of its manner of acting in that process.

The air of the atmosphere, like other fluids, appears to be capable of holding bodies in solution. It takes up water in considerable quantities, with a diminution of its own specific gravity; from which circumstance, as well as from the consideration that water rises very plentifully in the vaporous state *in vacuo*, it seems probable, that the air suspends vapour, not so much by a real solution, as by keeping its particles asunder, and preventing their condensation. Water likewise dissolves or absorbs air.

It has been sufficiently proved by various experiments, that combustible bodies take oxygen from the atmosphere, and leave nitrogen; and that when these two fluids are again mixed, in due proportions, they compose a mixture not differing from atmospherical air. The respiration of animals produces the same effect on atmospherical air as combustion does, and their constant heat appears to be an effect of the same nature. When an animal is included in a limited quantity of atmospherical air, it dies as soon

as the oxygen is consumed; and no other air will maintain animal life but oxygen, or a mixture which contains it. Pure oxygen maintains the life of animals much longer than atmospherical air, bulk for bulk.

In addition to the other substances in the air, there is also carbonic acid gas, which is constantly forming by the combustion of wood, coals, and other carbonaceous matter, during which the oxygen of the air enters into combination with the carbon, and forms this gas. A large portion is also continually produced by the breathing of animals, by which operation the oxygen of the air is separated from the nitrogen, and united with carbon in the lungs, when it is emitted again in the form of carbonic acid gas.

There are many provisions in nature by which the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere, which is continually consumed in respiration and combustion, is again restored to that fluid. In fact there appears, as far as an estimate can be formed of the great and general operations of nature, to be at least as great an emission of oxygen, as is sufficient to keep the general mass of the atmosphere at the same degree of purity.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Dr. Paolo Sair, Adjunct to the Professor of Botany, in the university of Pisa, has discovered, in certain parts of the Tuscan Apennines, and particularly at Mugello, a new species of terrestrial salamander; so remarkable, from its figure and colours, that he considers it as a nondescript. He designates it as, *Salamandra perspicillatra, quinque palmis ylantisque tetradactylis*. It has one spot on the upper part of the head, pretty nearly resembling a pair of spectacles; but a more striking characteristic is, its having four toes on each foot.

MEDALS AND INTAGLIOS.—M. De Jonge, the Director of the King of the Netherland's Cabinet of Medals and Intaglios at the Hague, has published a very learned and elaborate account of them. The number of medals in the cabinet is 33,675. Of 11,380 (83 in gold); the modern (in every kind of metal), 5,760; obsidional coins, 640; crowns or dollars, 2,137; coins, properly so called (in gold, silver, and copper), 7,958. The number of intaglios is 1,345.

The *oxy-hydrous blow-pipe*, invented by Dr. Hare, in America, in 1802, and which the late Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, since somewhat improved upon, in point of safety to the operator, whilst repeating and extending the experiments of Dr. Hare therewith, has lately been further improved, by Professor Gurney, of London, who has apparently rendered this most potent of agents

in the hands of the chemical operator, quite safe to himself and the spectators, which was very far from the case, even after the improvements of Dr. Clarke and others.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

A LIVING CHARACTER.

PITTACUS is a man who has devoted the major part of a long life to the interests of literature. His boyhood was distinguished by an application and research unusual to that period of life, and the active energy of his manhood was not permitted to run wild on the ordinary and ephemeral objects of daily attention.

In the mental character of Pittacus, two attributes are most strongly developed, the power of memory, and the power of drawing correct and philosophical inferences from established facts and passing events. He is not only a theoretical, but also a practical philosopher. Mention to him any particular cause, and he will tell you its effect; tell him of any effect, and he will explain to you its cause. Nature, animate and inanimate, has been his peculiar study for years, from the mysterious essence of the immortal soul, down to the smallest shell that lies on the sands of the ocean shore. He has inquired its history from every flower that adorns the earth in her varied seasons, from the anemone of spring to the lauristinus of winter, and from the light-loving sun-flower of day, to the Cereia, which blossoms only in darkness. He has watched the course of the eagle in the air, followed him to his mountain eyry, and inquired his nature and his habits. His speculations have extended from the insect in its chrysalis, to the vast system of worlds, which hang in universal space, and to the principles of motion by which these mighty orbs of matter are controlled and directed. There is not a path of natural science where you cannot observe the impress of his footsteps, nor an object on any path on which his hand has left no trace.

Besides the investigations of natural philosophy, his mind has searched the love of classical ages. He has explored with Plato

"What worlds and what vast regions hold,
The immortal soul that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook;"

he has examined the doctrines of the Stagyrite, the *χρυσά στῆ* of the Samian, and the creed of the stoic; nor is he less familiar with the splendid fancy of the Theban and the majestic thought of the Scian poet. He can, in another language, direct your attention to the elegance of the Mantuan, the sound common sense of the Venusian and the glowing indignation of the Aquinian bard.

In addition to these acquirements, he has made himself master of history, ancient and modern; he is intimate with the productions of scientific men, and with many of the living *literati* of both hemispheres he has an acquaintance and correspondence.

The personal character of Pittacus is marked by many peculiarities, partly natural and partly acquired. His singular traits of disposition have often been the theme of light satire and often of malignant sarcasm. Little and narrow minds have eagerly seized on them as a means of throwing ridicule on a man whose powers and endowments they cannot deny to be of the highest order. To those who are admitted to the personal intimacy of Pittacus, his very eccentricities are objects of interest, for they are the eccentricities of an amiable and excellent heart. They do not consist in those rude, repulsive, and overbearing habits of deportment, which shallow minds often assume under the mistaken idea that they are the traits of genius. There is no man more easy of access than Pittacus: he is courteous and polite to all, but he gives his confidence to few, and those few must previously prove themselves worthy of his respect. In this circle of his intimate friends he is the entertaining, instructive, and sociable companion.

There is one trait in the character of Pittacus for which the world has not given him full credit, and in which many consider him deficient, because the mildness of his demeanor prevents its being developed strikingly and forcibly. We mean, a nice tact in distinguishing character. A man of his high rank in the literary world, is necessarily subject to the intrusions of the vain, the presumptive, the impudent, and the pretending; and because he does not treat them with the haughtiness and scorn they merit, he has been accused of want of penetration

as it regards character. The charge is altogether baseless: the truth is, haughtiness is not in his nature, and he is satisfied to rid himself of vain and conceited intruders in a milder, and, at the same time, not less effectual manner. He can, and does distinguish between the modest respect and bashfulness of an ingenuous mind, and the sheepish awkwardness of one that is stupid and vulgar; between the manly confidence and earnestness of a decided, and the froward self-importance of a conceited character.

By those who are unacquainted with the original, and those who are incapable of esteeming learning and virtue, this rapid sketch may be considered the offspring of partial and prejudiced friendship; but those who know intimately the accomplished and benevolent philosopher to whom it refers, will discover in it some of the attributes of a man whose acquirements they respect, and whose goodness of heart they love.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

THE LADIES OF LIMA.

A LATE traveller in South America, gives the following particulars of some curious customs peculiar to the females of Lima:—

In the cool part of the day, for about an hour and a half before sunset, the ladies, walk abroad, dressed in a manner probably unique, and certainly highly characteristic of the spot. This dress consists of two parts, one called the *saya*, the other the *manto*. The first is a petticoat, made to fit so tightly, that, being at the same time quite elastic, the form of the limbs is rendered distinctly visible. The *manto*, or cloak, is also a petticoat, but, instead of hanging about the heels, as all honest petticoats ought to do, it is drawn over the head, breast, and face; and is kept so close by the hands, which it also conceals, that no part of the body, except one eye, and sometimes only a small portion of one eye is perceptible. A rich coloured handkerchief, or a silk band and tassel, are frequently tied round the waist, and hang nearly to the ground in front. A rosary, also, made of beads of ebony, with a small gold cross, is often fastened to the girdle, a little on one side; though in general it is suspended from the neck.

The effect of the whole is exceedingly striking; but whether its gracefulness—for, with the fine figure of the Lima women, and their very beautiful style of walking, this dress is eminently graceful—be sufficient to compensate for its undeniable indelicacy to an European eye, will depend much upon the stranger's taste, and his habits of judging of what he sees, in foreign countries. Some travellers insist upon forcing every thing into comparison with what they have left at home, and condemn, or approve, according as this unreasonable standard is receded from or adhered to. To us, who took all things as we found them, the *saya* and *manto*, as the dress is called, afforded much amusement, and, sometimes, not a little vexation. It happened, occasionally, that we were spoken to in the streets by ladies, who appeared to know us well, but whom we could not discover, till some apparent trivial remark in company, long afterwards, betrayed the tapadas, as they call themselves. Ladies of the first rank indulge in this amusement, and will wear the meanest *saya*, or stoop to any contrivance, to effect a thorough disguise. I myself knew two young ladies, who completely deceived their brother and me, although we were aware of their fondness for such pranks, and I had even some suspicions of them at the very time. Their superior dexterity, however, was more than a match for his discernment, or my suspicions; and so completely did they deceive our eyes, and mislead our thoughts, that we could scarcely believe our senses, when they, at length, chose to discover themselves.

I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman who received me in the easy style of the country; at once undertook to put us in the way of procuring fresh provisions and other supplies; carried me to the governor's to pay the usual visit of ceremony, and afterwards offered to introduce my officers and myself to some families of his acquaintance. We were somewhat surprised, on entering the first house, to observe the ladies in immense hammocks, made of a net work of strong grass, dyed of various colours, and suspended from the roof, which was twenty feet high. Some of them were sitting, others reclining in their hammocks; with their feet, or, at least, one foot left hanging out, and so nearly touching the floor, that when they pleased, they could reach it with the toe, and by a gentle push give motion to the hammock. This family consisted of no less than three generations: the grandmother lying at full length in a hammock suspended across one corner of the room; the mother seated in another, swinging from side to side; and three young ladies, her daughter, lounging in one hammock attached from hooks along the length

of the room. The whole party were swinging away at such a furious rate, that at first we were confounded and made giddy by the variety of motions in different directions. We succeeded, however, in making good our passage to a sofa at the father side of the room, though not without apprehension of being knocked over by the way. The ladies, seeing us embarrassed, ceased their vibrations until the introductions had taken place.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW COATS, vs. OLD COATS.

"Look upon *this* picture, and on *that*!"—*Hamlet*.

It is now six years since my deceased coat was first brought home. With what delight did I survey it! how eagerly did I listen to the exhortations of the tailor how to fold it up! how cautiously did I put it on, and how carefully did I secure the key, when I locked it up! Its colour was suitable to the tint of my mind—it was a bright green, with Waterloo buttons. Green coats were then the *sine qua non* of a beau. Black and blue 'hid their diminished heads,' or rather *tails*: and although now and then a brown appeared, it passed along amidst the neglect or censures of the multitude. The first year every thing went well. I stalked down Broadway at the full glare of half-past four; I feared not to meet the purse-proud stare of the glittering Oriental on the Battery on Sunday; nor did I shrink before the glance of a first-rate Blood. The second year, in spite of all my carefulness and anxiety, an incipient whiteness began to appear about the cuffs and elbows. The buttons looked somewhat shorn of their beams, and the collar had been slightly annoyed by the too rude pressure of the hat. It had, however, not yet had a regular wetting, if I omit the baptizing it got from my gallantry to Miss Protocol, in giving her more than her share of my cotton umbrella. But the third year now fast approached; years rolled on, *et nos mutamur in illis*—and so did my coat. The thread of the lives of two of its buttons had been snapped; one was wrenched off by a friend, notwithstanding my agonized looks, whilst he was telling me the fate of his condemned farce at the Park theatre; and the other had fallen into a gradual decline, and died a natural death. Its primeval bright green had also faded, and had imbibed a tint of brown; the collar was dilapidated, and the cuffs were in ruins!

I struggled on, however, another year, but I left my former walks. I would go half a mile out of my way to avoid Broadway, or a mile rather than pass the Battery

on a Sunday. Three more buttons had disappeared under the scythe of time, and it was now evident that something must be done, and that immediately. I sent it to be repaired, and when it was returned, I hardly knew it again. The Waterloo buttons once more dazzled by their brightness; new cuffs and collars had sprung up like phoenixes from the ashes of their fathers; and though the fashion of coats had somewhat altered, yet I held an erect head, for mine was more than passable. But alas! this was but a deceitful splendour, a glimpse of sunshine on a rainy day; the constitution of the coat was ruined, and it soon suffered a relapse.

At last my resolution was taken—a new coat must be ordered. It was a precept of my late respected uncle Nicholas, that one good dear garment is always worth two bad cheap ones; and I constantly act up to it. I therefore walked up boldly to the “Fashionable establishment” in Broadway; and although I met with some good broad stares at my entrance, yet when my purpose was known, every thing was respectful attention to my wants and my wishes. With what elevation did I survey myself in the double mirror close to the window! With what hauteur did I bid the tradesman be punctual as to the hour! and how fiercely did I brush by the beaux in my return, with the delightful thought that I should soon have it in my power to cut them all out. How many, said I to myself, are the advantages of a new coat! A new pair of trousers rather serves to contrast the oldness of the upper garment with its own novelty; but a coat diffuses its splendour over the whole outward man; it brightens a withered pair of pantaloons, and revivifies a faded waistcoat; it illuminates a worn-out beaver, and even gives a respectable appearance to an antiquated pair of gaiters. A man in a new coat holds his head erect, and his chest forward; he shakes the pavement with his clattering heels; looks defiance to every man, and love to every woman; he overturns little boys, and abuses hackney coachmen; if he enter a tavern he calls lustily for his drink, and knocks the waiter down if he does not bring it soon enough. But a man in an old coat hangs his disconsolate head, fumbles in his moneyless pockets, and stumbles at every third step; he is scorned by the men, and unnoticed by the women; he is jeered at by children, and hustled by negroes; at a tavern, he enters the parlour with a sheepish face, fearing his very right to be there may be disputed; the waiters snigger, and the landlord bullies him. Such then is the difference which the outward man makes; and so true is the French aphorism, that ‘L’habit, fait, sans plus, le maitre et le valet.’

C.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 7. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIRRORETTA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Amurath, an Eastern Monarch.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs in China.* No. III.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Andrew Macdonald.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.* No. II.

THE GRACES.—*Queen Eleanor Christina. Miss Seward. The Warrior Fair.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*New Coats, vs. Old Coats.* No. II.

POETRY.—Original, and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If the article mentioned by C. T. R. is “both instructive and amusing,” we shall cheerfully publish it.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The first part of the History of New-York, by Messrs. Yates and Moulton, is in the press. It will be embellished by a large map of the Hudson.

Professor Say of Philadelphia, is publishing an extensive work, entitled “American Entomology, or Description of the Insects of North America.”

Casts of the skull of George Buchanan and Robert Bruce, have been transmitted by Dr. Monroe of Edinburgh to Dr. Farmer of Charleston, S. C.

The canal commerce of this state has been so extensive, that \$17,439 of tolls were collected at Albany during the month of October. At Rochester they amount on an average to \$1000 a day.

There are now upwards of twenty vessels on the stocks, in this city and neighbourhood.

MARRIED,

Mr. C. Minton to Miss S. C. Meyer.

Mr. J. Cox to Miss C. Majastre.

Lieut. H. Brown to Miss A. E. Rodman.

Mr. H. Woolridge to Miss C. Boudowine.

Col. T. V. Mumford to Miss M. Manwaring.

Mr. J. Requa to Miss M. Kelly.

DIED,

Mrs. A. M. Van Horne, aged 64 years.

Mr. William Rankin.

Mrs. Sarah Spear, 34 years.

Mr. George M. Nugent, aged 21 years.

Capt. Edward Trenchard.

Mrs. Deborah Coffin, aged 37 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

The following beautiful lines were written we believe, by the late Mr. Walter of Boston, a highly accomplished young man, who died in his 26th or 27th year.

SONG.

AND they may say thy long dark hair,
Clustering its shadowy flow,
Is like the raven's plumage there,
Veiling that moonlight brow!
The roseate flush that dyes the cheek,
All bright with beauty's glow,
Is like the radiant crimson streak
Of sunset o'er the snow!

There is a charm more bright for me—
Thy soul of sensibility!

And they may say thy soft blue eye,
When rais'd its living shroud,
Outshines the diamond gem on high,
That lights yon azure cloud!
Thy lips, as plants of coral red,
In bloom, where pearl-drops shine!
Thy breath, like heavenly incense shed
From virtue's holiest shrine!

There is a charm more rich for me—
Thy heart's long proved sincerity!

And they may say thy light step, where
They wake the graceful dance,
Is like a seraph's motion there,
Or wild bird's swift-winged glance!
And lingering yet, thy form of love
Is like a dream of heaven!
Thy voice, like music breath'd above,
Among the clouds of even!

There is a charm more dear to me—
Thy spirit's spotless purity!

STANZAS.

By William Leman Rede.

There's a spirit round me hovering,
That haunts me day and night;
O'er-spreading earth, and covering
All Nature with his blight.
It is not a dream, for I sleep not;
It is not my woe, for I weep not;
'Tis a spirit that haunts me for aye;
It preys on my heart, and it tears up
The thought of my grief, and my cares up,
As it haunts me by night and by day.

'Tis a spell that I cannot vanquish,
A power I cannot fly;
Words cannot paint my anguish,
And for ever the spirit is nigh.
All day does it seem to deride me,
At night as it lies beside me,
It mocks my words as I pray;
'Tis a vision impalpable to me, [through me,
Though its voice is, *e'en now*, thrilling
And it haunts me by night and by day.

Mine eyes are sunk with weeping,
My brow is blanch'd with care;
Night flies, without my sleeping,
For the fiend breathes in the air.
Of my malady haply I wist not,
They say it is madness—it is not,
Though soon; alas! it may;
'Tis a power that still subdues me,
A fiend that ever pursues me,
And haunts me by night and by day.

When all I lov'd had perish'd,
As I mourn'd alone that night,
O'er her my bosom cherish'd,
I first beheld the sprite.
And the face of the fiend was lighten'd
With pleasure, and as his eye brighten'd,
It glanc'd on me its ray:
In my ear rings his laugh of derision,
To my eye is still painted the vision
That haunts me by night and by day.

Welcome is sleep to the weary,
Hope to the sailor at sea;
More welcome than bliss to the dreary,
Is the prospect of death to me.
My Fanny lies low, and the willow,
Waves over her moss-cover'd pillow,
Oh! when will it wave over me?
Come, death, lay thy cold hand upon me,
That the spirit that's now glaring on me,
No more may my torturer be.

We know not the author of these lines—they are
fraught with true feeling

TEN YEARS AGO.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sere'd not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
Feeling we ne'er can know again;
Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears;
But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
That shone through all—ten years ago?

I, too, am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sick'ning strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh! how unlike—ten years ago!

But look not thus—I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seem'd so fair.
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,
When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endear'd by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago?

Has Fortune frown'd? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false? Their love might
But ours grew fonder, firmer still. [wane,
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watch'd our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud has left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?
What to the thought that sooth'd that woe,
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee;
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears,—though something
changed
From what we were in earlier youth.
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

TROUBADOUR SONG.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.—BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the Knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease a while, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennon wave, by the mountains-stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent, sweeping by,
And an eagle, rushing in the sky,
And a host, to its battle plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"They are gone! they have all pass'd by!

They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die?
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast,
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past!"

THE SEA-MARK

From the German of Goethe.

Dark on yon ancient turret stands
A hero's shade on high—
Who, as the vessels sail beneath,
Thus bids them oft good by:

"These sinews once were strong and bold,
My swelling heart was up;
And there was marrow in my bone,
And liquor in my cup.

"And half my life I chose the storm,
And half in ease to dwell;
And you, blithe ship, and you, blithe crew,
Be glad to do as well."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A ship.

PUZZLE II.—Eclipse.

PUZZLE III.—Justice.

SOLUTIONS OF ANAGRAMS.

I.—Enigmatical.

II.—Festival.

III.—Machine.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

O'er all the world my empire I extend;
And while that lasts, my reign can never end.
I flatter all, and almost all deceive;
Yet when I promise next, they still believe.
To heav'n I lead, but must not enter there:
In hell I cannot be; earth is my sphere.
If still in vain you puzzle for my name,
Search your own breast, for there I surely am.

II.

First, I may be your servant's name;
Then your desires I may proclaim;
And when in coffin your are laid,
May speak your wishes when you're dead.

ANAGRAMS.

I. Sly Rogue.

II. See a Pug Dog.

III. The Wings.

EDITED BY

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